

"You must be joking." Somehow Zoe managed to look down at the Doctor, despite him being taller than she was.

"I'm not. Come on then, over my lap." He sat down and patted his knee. "Trust me, it's for your own good. You need to snap out of what they've done to you."

"They've opened my mind to a new and noble future for women!" Zoe cried passionately. "I'm not going to let you break it. Especially not like that." She turned a commanding, rather than pleading, gaze on Jamie. "Surely you won't let him do it!"

"Surely I will, lassie." Jamie replied complacently. "Nothing like a hiding to remind ye of yer proper place as a lass, is there?"

"Oooooh! You- you- barbarian male!" She stomped her foot. "No, Doctor, I refuse."

"Too bad. It's my medical recommendation, as a Doctor. Best thing for breaking brainwashing effects. Jamie, why don't you go change?" It'd be easier for Zoe if he wasn't watching. Besides... "You look quite fetching in that frock, but I'm sure you'll feel better in your own clothes."

"Not that they're any *different!*" Zoe snapped. Jamie blushed and looked down at the blue and white dress he was wearing, a necessary disguise for their escape from prison.

"Aye. I'll go change. Good luck, lass, Doctor." He beat a hasty retreat.

"Come along now, Zoe." The Doctor stood up. "While we have our privacy." He took advantage of his somewhat taller, heavier frame and grabbed Zoe around the waist, dragging her to the chair he'd occupied before. "I'm very sorry, but this must be done." He raised his hand and landed a firm slap on her upturned bottom. She squealed.

"Doctor, stop! You can't do this, I am a woman and I will not let you!" She flailed her legs, and he shifted his weight, immobilizing her. "Doctoor!"

"No." He kept smacking her, not even very hard but hard enough to sting. "Normally I'd never do this, but you're a danger to yourself and to us. I'll make it up to you later, I swear." He really didn't like doing it, but he kept at it until Zoe was squirming and struggling, tears leaking out of her eyes. The tears were the key. "Who are you?"

"I'm- ah- Dr.- Zoe-" she sobbed, "Herriot. I'm- me- stop- please!"

"Alright." The Doctor stopped, and shook his hand a little. It was slightly sore, but certainly not as sore as Zoe's rear, radiating heat at him even through her slacks. "There, it's over. Wipe your eyes, dear, it's done.

You're yourself again."

"I was- myself before." She sniffled, pulled herself up from over his lap. He dug a handkerchief out of one of his many pockets and she blew her nose and wiped her eyes. "You didn't have to do this."

"Oh, but I did." He stroked her hair. "And I did promise I'd make it up to you."

"So you did." She gave him a shaky grin. "Jamie too?"

"If he wants to join us. You can be on top." He kissed her lightly. She deepened it.

"Women should always be on top, Doctor."